
THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

VOL. I.

IT BLOOMS TO ENRICH THE MIND.

No. VII.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY MISS A. CAREY.

THERE'S a dark flowing river,
From whose slimy tide
But few are delivered,
While thousands have died.
Should thirst of its waters
Ere you tempt to drink ;
Oh, think of its slaughters,
Nor pause on the brink ;
For 'neath the dark billow
Its victims are strown,
As the leaves of the willow
When summer has flown.

Far, far from this darkling
And treacherous stream,
A fountain is sparkling,
Of heavenly gleam.
Is guilt like a mountain
Oppressing thy soul ?
Drink deep of this fountain,
And thou wilt be whole.
'Tis virtue that proffers—
The cup runneth o'er ;
O, drink while she offers,
And wander no more.

THE POOR STUDENT.

CHAPTER I.

LET political economists say what they will, it matters not ; nature has her noble and her serf—her patrician and her plebeian : yet by an apparently strange reversion, the slave wraps around him, as of divine right, the purple robe of superiority ; while he, with nobility stamped upon every feature of his soul, is often crushed down by the iron hand of sordid, narrow-minded oppression. The world's aristocracy is not one of

mental predominance ;—that principle of the mind which invests its possessor with imaginary consequence because of birth or fortune, is any thing in its character but lofty or ennobling ; its essence is imbecility of intellect, and its development the sickly offspring of a hopelessly diseased parent. But to our simple story of the Poor Student.

Rolin Aberly had, in his mental constitution, the elements of unhappiness. Sensitive and shrinking to a fault, he nevertheless had the nerve, when roused, to brave even death with a smile ; but as a natural consequence of such a constructed mind, reaction was always fearfully paralyzing. Added to this he was poor, and of course knew little of this charitable world's impartial sympathy. Yet, mantle of clay never encased a finer spirit, for his mind was one of bold and strong conceptions, and refined in its character to the most delicate tone of sensibility.

I first met him in his eighteenth year at college, where he had been sent by his father, a poor, but industrious tradesman ; who being a man of cultivated and intelligent mind, and perceiving the passionate devotion of his son to literary pursuits, reduced as far as possible the wants of his family, in order to give him all the fortune he could ever bestow, a good education. To acquire this Rolin bent all of his strong energies, and soon stood at the head of his class ; but as he made no display in dress or money, and never joined the students in their diversions, or associated at all with any but myself, he soon became obnoxious

to most in the university, and frequently experienced a direct manifestation of the ill feeling entertained for him. A trivial insult he never noticed, or at least never mentioned, but his proud spirit, when chafed beyond endurance, would brook no evasion of direct, immediate satisfaction. Whenever he could exercise a favor or do a kindness to any, his attentions were ever of the most bland and delicate character; but farther he would not cultivate an intimacy, and never was known to solicit, or receive a proffered favor from any one during his whole term at college.

I often remonstrated with him upon the folly of his constant seclusion from society, but his invariable answer was,

"They who mutually despise each other can have no genuine fellowship."

"But," said I, one day, "this is all a silly prejudice, a chimera of your own imagination. You cause yourself to be looked upon with suspicion, simply from the reason that you seem to regard all about you with the same feeling. Cast aside every false impression which circumstance has conjured up in your mind, and take by the hand your neighbor in open-hearted kindness, and good feeling, and you will soon learn that friendship is not a plant of such hot-house production as you imagine."

He smiled bitterly as he replied. "Can I forget that *my* lot is cast with the despised children of poverty? and can *I* brook the concealed sneer of the domineering and heartless? No!—no! Before I would stoop to an association with such as calculate worth by dollars, and merit by equipage, I would waste my inglorious life in the cell of an anchorite."

His eye flashed, and his usually pale cheek burned with suppressed indignation, while his low, deep, almost husky tones uttered the sentiments just noted.

The circumstance may be thought a trivial one to call out any manifestation of strong feeling, but in early years the mind suffers as intensely when acted upon by a painfully exciting cause, as it does in after life by influences which would seem withering beyond comparison with the mental afflictions of youth.

Time adds strength to our capacity for endurance.

One day a young man, haughty beyond forbearance, yet with no moral worth, wantonly committed an outrage upon the feelings of Rolin, whom he thought, from his uniform quiet, retiring manners, and particularly because he was poor, possessed no independence of feeling. But he was mistaken once in his life. All the natural energy which possessed his proud spirit was aroused like a sleeping lion. He drew up to the domineering tyrant with a stern, iron countenance, and an unquailing eye, and demanded, in tones not to be misinterpreted, an immediate acknowledgment.

"You have two minutes left," said he, as a crowd of students gathered round to witness the rare sport. A curl of defiance hung upon the lip of his adversary, but his eye could not rest a moment in that of the incensed Rolin, who waited with folded arms and erect form the required concession.

The cowardly wretch who had provoked my friend's just indignation, and who was by far the most powerful of the two, perceiving that he was about asserting his right to require acknowledgment, slowly drew a long knife, and lifted it in a threatening attitude; the moment the glittering weapon met the eye of Rolin, one hand grasped the paltry villain's throat, and the other wrenched the knife from his hold. A well aimed blow dashed him to the ground, and Rolin left him almost insensible, to reflect, when reflection came, upon the folly of trespassing where indignation might be roused to an assertion of right.

I followed him very soon to his room where he had retired. He was reclining upon the bed in a state of almost total exhaustion—his eye restlessly wandering, and his countenance pale and languid in hue and expression.

"You have learned the puppy a lesson which he will not soon forget," said I, as I seated myself upon the bed by his side.

"I have made a fool of myself," was his answer.

"You have acted as you should have done."

"No, L., such a contention with such a paltry overbearing coxcomb is one which can find no justification. Though I could trample upon the wretch, yet I feel debased in having even spurned him from me."

Rolin soon after left college with honorary distinctions such as few obtain. It was several years before we again met.

CHAPTER II.

"Anne, if I mistake not, our heart strings thrill to the same touch, and their music blends in the same strain of harmony."

The lovely girl who hung upon the arm of Rolin, lifted not from the earth her dark blue eyes, that sparkled with bewildering, trembling joy, for she understood the delicate allusion of her lover, and silently responded to it with a glad heart.

"Anne, the brightness is fading away from the sun-set clouds,—a dim, mysterious twilight is gathering like the shadow of death over and around us,—the stars are coming forth from their hiding places in the far off depths of heaven, and are looking down like patient watches, cheering with their smiles the darkness falling heavily and pressing like a weight upon the wearied breast of nature. When the light of this brief existence is passing thus away, and the dusky mantle of eternity is gathering its dark folds around me, will you, like a cheering star, hang upon the horizon of my being?"

The tender cadences of his voice fell like passion's strongest appeal upon her heart, and its inward response was wild and free as are ever young love's gushing impulses. Her arm clung more firmly to his, and though her tongue tried not an utterance of the strong affection of her heart, yet that one silent act of confidence was an answer more fully expressive of all she felt than ever words could utter.

After Rolin Aberly left college he made an application for the situation of private tutor, in the family of a rich Virginia planter, who possessed all the haughty pride which could characterize

one esteeming himself for his wealth alone. His offer was accepted, and two sons and a beautiful daughter, just sixteen, were placed under his charge. The progress of his pupils was such as to give entire satisfaction to the father, and Rolin remained in the family for nearly two years.

Anne Wilmer was a delicate, fair creature; born to captivate, and living but to chain affection wherever her influence acted. To a mind like that which Rolin Aberly possessed, it was impossible to come in contact with and not love one like Anne; and a year had scarcely passed ere the young tutor was wound round by a web of feeling which no hand could unravel,—

"True love hath wordless language all its own,
Health in the heart;"

and it was not long before the only one in existence whom he would wish to know his affection, penetrated the mystery, and her downcast eye and reddening cheek often responded to the involuntary intone which fell from his lips.

Time passed on, but Rolin made no declaration of his deep idolatry of feeling. Anne's seventeenth year was fast drawing to a close, and many suitors were already centring their attentions at her father's house. But she encouraged none, and though Aberly had given her no intentional manifestation of affection, yet she loved him and knew that his heart offered a full return.

Her father never imagined for a moment that the dependent on his bounty, as he thought him, would ever aspire to touch the hand of his patron's daughter. But, though Rolin was poor, he esteemed himself second to no human being, and notwithstanding he dared not hope for a consummation so ardently desired as that of calling Anne his own, yet he hesitated not to think that he had an equal right with any to sue for, and if possible win, her affections. A thought like a betrayal of confidence crossed his mind, but his proud spirit spurned an idea, that would place him below any who wore the garb of manhood.

Frequently an evening walk was proposed by sometimes one and sometimes the other of the parties, and it was an

occasion of this kind which afforded, at length, an opportunity for Rolin to make the declaration with which this chapter opens.

They walked on, each wrapped up in an intensity of feeling, which silence made only more burdening.

"Anne," at length asked Rolin, "will you be mine?"

Such a question at once roused her to a stern sense of the utter impossibility of ever gaining her father's consent to such a union, and her own abiding reluctance to disobey parental authority, which had ever been of the most tender and affectionate character.

She paused so long for an answer, that the impatient spirit of Aberly chafed within him, and he soon repeated the question in a tone so equivocal to Anne's ear, that she immediately responded,—

"If my father's consent be gained."

"If it is not gained, what will you say?"

She lifted up her slender form to an almost supernatural height, stepped from the side of her lover and looked him for an instant strangely in the face, while her own changed every moment with the wild thoughts which were agitating her mind, until resolution became fixed, and she said,

"Rolin Aberly,—my father's consent must be gained, or happiness never can be mine!"

"That consent shall never be yielded," said the old man, striding up and grasping his affrighted daughter's arm. "What! a beggarly adventurer, fed by my bounty, sueing for *her* hand, and she granting it? Madness! I would sooner see the death agony writhing her frame than consent to such a consummation!"

Then turning to Aberly, he uttered this malediction,

"May the curse of heaven follow your footsteps, and your head never be pillowed a moment in quiet repose. Cross not my threshold again," continued he, violently, "or the vengeance that is wakening even now in my bosom shall find its victim."

Hurrying his daughter away he left Rolin, petrified in astonishment and in-

dignation, fixed to the spot where he had first been standing.

Wilmer had felt suspicion creeping over his mind for some time, and on this evening had determined to ascertain if it were just or groundless. How well he succeeded is evident.

Rolin Aberly was not such a novice in mental philosophy as to be ignorant of the fact that opposition would but strengthen Anne's affection. And though he found himself cut off from *her* society, and his worldly prospects blasted, yet he determined still to prosecute his suit so soon as an opportunity offered. He soon found a pleasant situation in Wilmer's immediate neighborhood, and one which yielded him more pecuniary recompense than the one he had lost.

Day after day and week after week passed away, and he could gain no opportunity for another meeting with the idol of his wild and wayward heart. Evening after evening he visited the spot of their secret rambles, but Anne was by his side no more. Strange rumors reached him of the closer attentions of a rival in her affections—an heir to a large estate. Every day brought some new story, and at length it was said that the nuptial day was appointed.

Maddened almost to desperation, he determined to seek admission to her presence and brave all consequences; for all his letters had been returned unopened.

He was sure that Anne still loved him, and he was resolved to meet her again, and protest against a sacrifice which must render both miserable for life.

The threat of her father, he regarded not for a moment. To one of his mental constitution, with whom an object of affection was one of almost passionate idolatry, dear as life itself, no intimidation can exert an influence, when it comes in contact with all that can add to or sustain happiness.

He went accordingly, one afternoon, and requested an interview.

"Is Anne at home?" he asked of the servant who met him at the door.

"She is."

"Can I see her?"

"No sir."

"Why?"

"She cannot be seen, sir."

"I have particular business."

"You cannot see her, sir." And the menial closed the door in his face.

The disappointed lover slowly turned from the door at which he had been so roughly denied admission, and wandered away listless, heart sick, and disappointed. Only once he looked back upon the walls which contained his soul's idol, and then he imagined that he saw a white handkerchief waving from the window of Anne's chamber.

His health, which had become very delicate for some time past, now declined more rapidly under the agony of mind which he suffered; and for some months he was confined to his room, and a greater part of that period to his bed. A reaction however then took place, and he slowly recovered, but with chilled feelings and shattered constitution. All this while he could learn little of Anne that brought a consoling reflection, unless the universal admission by all who saw her, that she was far from being happy, contained that soothing opiate.

CHAPTER III.

Pale and care-worn in countenance, Rolin paced hurriedly his chamber floor, ever and anon consulting a time-piece which stood upon the mantle.

"I am poor," he said, bitterly, to himself—"I am poor, and must step aside for the pampered minion of entailed wealth. I must yield up a jewel of priceless value, to a sickly scion of fashion and of rank; and he must wear a gem that would glitter in a monarch's diadem. But will I tamely stand aloof from such a sacrifice? No! I will tear her from his grasp at the very altar! My voice shall be heard in denunciation of such a union. Oh! she cannot, must not, *shall* not utter that solemn vow for another! Madness!"

Wrought up to a feeling of desperation, he hurried to the house of Mr. Wilmer, and in the bustle and confusion of a nuptial occasion passed in as one of the guests and mingled with the gay company assembled. The brilliance of every thing around,—the rich massive splendour of the furniture,—the gaudy

curtains and princely decorations, brought home to his heart, in painful contrast, the desolate poverty of his own condition. And the happy ringing laugh of joyous, light-hearted maidens, mingling with the soft breathing melody of chastened music, fell like scorching fire upon his bosom, for it came a mockery to feelings which were wild and agitated as the storm-fettered ocean.

Suddenly the music ceased—a slight stir arose at the entrance—the company pressed towards the centre, and he was thrown into the middle of the room where the bridal party were led out to be joined in that tie which naught but death can sever.

Anne came forward like a mere automaton. She was pale as the white robes that wrapped her delicate form, and seemed more fragile than the colourless blossoms which decked her hair of raven blackness. Her step was slow and measured, and her eye rested upon the floor. Rolin marked all this at a glance, and he knew that she must be faithful to his love and his only.

The ceremony commenced and proceeded. The intended husband responded to the impressive tones of the minister of God—and as the holy man turned to receive her answer, she, for the first time, raised her head, and all who saw her countenance were startled at the look of fixed despair, and yet stern resolution which rested upon it. Her dry, burning eyes glanced hurriedly around for a moment, and became suddenly arrested by the figure of Rolin, who stood statue-like before her.

With one wild shriek she flung herself into his arms, and sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

"Oh, I knew you would come! I knew you would come! I will not, cannot be his bride!" and her whole frame trembled in the firm clasp of her lover.

A scene of the utmost confusion ensued. Her father and intended husband strove to tear her from the place of refuge to which she had fled, but she was reposing upon a bosom that feared not consequences, and an arm held her there, and all those around at defiance.

"Anne," said he, in a loud, hoarse whisper, "will you be mine, and mine only?" "Yes!" just parted her pale lips, though her eyes did not uncloset for a moment. "Will you be mine tonight?" The same still whisper responded, "yes!" "Swear by the ashes of your sainted mother that you utterly despise him you were about espousing!" "He is my dread and abhorrence, and I was compelled to stand by his side at the altar, but never, never while one pulse fluttered in my heart, would I have yielded up my hand!" and her beautiful eyes opened and looked up with a sweet confiding smile, upon the face of her lover.

Such a scene could not last long. Anne was a universal favorite. Loved for her gentleness of disposition, and admired for her modest retiring graces. All present knew that she could never act such a part, if desperation and almost despair had not wrought a web of painful intensity of feeling around her.

Whispers began to circulate through the room, as to the propriety of uniting her according to her wishes. The aged minister, one who knew her well and loved her well, bent down over her, where she still reclined in the arms of Rolin, who appeared conscious of nothing but the fact of possessing what he had feared was lost to him forever. In a low whisper he conversed with them a moment, and then drawing the father aside, urged upon him the stern necessity of sacrificing his worldly pride and expectations to the happiness of his daughter.

"Peace!" said the old man in a stern voice. "Would *you* teach disobedience to parental authority? She *shall* marry as *I* say. But stay! let the minion's tender affections be consulted. Bring them out!" he continued in a harsh, bitter, ironical tone, "bring them out! bind them together, and let them receive a father's blessing!"

Rolin rose up from the sofa where he had been sitting, placed Anne tenderly upon it, bent over her for a moment in agitated silence, and then said, loud enough to be heard by all,

"Anne, you once said, if your father's

consent could not be gained to our union, it never could be a happy one. The consent he positively refused to give once, now he has yielded, in what spirit I will not pretend to say. You have said tonight that you would marry me under any circumstances. You are now free to relinquish that promise, if you dare not stem a father's gathering indignation—yet, if you will be mine, here is heart, hand, life, all at your command. And I swear to cherish you, while a single glimmer of existence remains!"

He did not wait for an answer, but led her out before the minister, and commanded him, in a firm voice, to proceed. No interruption occurred until just at the moment of Anne's response, when Wilmer laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder and whispered hoarsely in her ear this withering curse,

"Give him your hand, faithless child! but from this hour a father's frown shall follow you, and a father's prayers call down indignation on your head. Marry him! but may sorrow be an heir-loom to your children's children, unto the third and fourth generations. Marry him! and may he find you an unfaithful wife, as *I* have proved you to be a faithless daughter. From this hour I cut you off from my estate and my affections, and when I press with my gray head the cold pillow of death, remember that a daughter's hand prepared the chilly resting place. You have uttered the fatal word that irrevocably binds you to a man that has wantonly betrayed a father's fond confidence, and no retribution can cancel my hatred for him, or turn away the wrath I have invoked upon your head."

Anne looked up like a hart startled by the distant cry of the hunters, a withering wreath of agony circled about her compressed lips, then a wild flashing glance rested an instant upon Rolin, passed off to her stern, yet half relenting father, and a loud, merry laugh bounded in harrowing reverberations through the crowded apartment.

The fearful truth need scarcely be uttered,—Anne Wilmer, the beautiful, the accomplished, the loved of a thousand sincere hearts, looked up from that aw-

ful malediction, with a vacant laugh, and an idiotic, expressionless stare.

Like experience, repentance often comes too late. When Wilmer saw the wreck of his lovely daughter before him—heard her unmeaning laugh, and felt her slender arms twining around his neck in childish simplicity and fondness, all of the parent rushed to his heart in a flood of ungovernable emotion. To Rolin, who had started back, horror stricken, as the awful consciousness of the mighty weight of ruin which had fallen upon his head, burst upon his mind, he spake one kind word, and then bore his unresisting daughter from the room to her own chamber.

CHAPTER IV.

I will run my story down some five or ten years from the date of the incidents detailed in the preceding chapter. I had not seen Rolin from the time of his leaving college, though I had heard, incidentally, some of the painful details related to the reader. I also learned that Anne continued still to labor under a slight mental derangement, and that Rolin, who so fearfully became her husband, was living at her father's house, devoting his time and attentions to his wife, in endeavoring to call back the truant spark of reason.

Passing through that section of Virginia where he resided, I determined to stop and pay him a short visit, for the sake of old reminiscences. As I rode up through the long rows of stately poplars which lined the avenues to Wilmer's splendid mansion, I saw Rolin walking toward me with a lovely girl, in the early bloom of womanhood, leaning fondly upon his arm, and pointing out to him the rich variegation of colors and beautiful symmetry of a flower which she held in her hand. He lifted his head at the sound of my horse's feet, but did not at first sight recognize me; a second look, however, made him start, and he exclaimed with a pleasant smile,

"My old friend L——!"

"The same."

A servant who was standing near took my horse, and I first learned who was the lovely creature clinging to his arm—

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Aberly."

A slight smile passed over her features; but there was no expression of interest upon them for the friend of her husband.

Rolin saw that I marked it, and a shade of agony, such as must have ever rested upon his heart, flitted over his countenance, but it was of brief existence.

A gray headed, care-worn looking old gentleman met us at the door, as we drew near the house, whom Rolin introduced to me as Mr. Wilmer. He took me kindly by the hand and welcomed me in a quiet, subdued, almost saddened tone, to the hospitalities of his mansion.

I could not help remarking with painful interest, that my friend showed but too plainly the marks of disease stamped indelibly upon his pale countenance. His shoulders were pressed forward, and he gave strong indications of a growing pulmonary affection.

During the evening I had many opportunities of observing the confirmed imbecility of mind under which Mrs. Aberly labored; though it was of a quiet, playful character, and never showed itself but in trifles. Her mental weakness was manifested more in lavishing caresses and expressions of fondness upon her husband, who would gently oppose a slight resistance, such as a fond parent exercises to a favorite child, than in any bursts of passion, or wild phrenzied ejaculations.

I staid with them but for a day. Though treated in the warmest and kindest manner, I could easily perceive that my presence was a restraint upon my friend, on account of Anne's weakness, to which he never alluded, however, even remotely.

When I parted with him he pressed my hand in the most cordial and affectionate manner, and as he uttered "farewell," in an almost stifled voice, I could see the tear drops springing to his eyes. Just at the moment when we had said our last adieu, Mrs. Aberly came bounding from the house, light and graceful as a fawn, and insisted upon sharing in

her husband's farewell tokens. Her eye was sparkling with pleasure, and her countenance had more animation than I had before seen in its expression. Hope seemed to spring up in Rolin's bosom, for a glow flashed over his pale face, and as my heart filled to overflowing, I reined up my horse and uttering "God bless you," rode away. I just heard a solemn "amen" pass from her lips, before I was out of hearing, and its tone was so deep, so deathlike, that my very spirit sunk within me paralyzed by an icy coldness.

CHAPTER V.

The quiet repose of a beautiful summer evening had stolen over the face of nature, and the setting sun looked smilingly into the open window of Rolin's private chamber, where he sat before a table loaded with a profusion of books and papers, displaying the taste and erudition of their possessor. His hand supported his head, and his arm rested upon an open volume of old romance, from which he had read until some incident flung back his mind in gloomy contemplation of his own heart-rending relations.

His still lovely wife was his daily, hourly companion; but she was one of pleasure only to the eye, for her mind was a blank to all fixed impressions. None but such as have witnessed the mental imbecility of one dearer to them than all else earth can offer beside, can imagine, even the most remotely, how like a leaden weight of immovable sorrow the heart crushing sense of Anne's affliction bore upon Rolin's feelings. While in her presence his face ever wore a pleasant, interested smile; for if a cloud shadowed it a moment, as in former times it had done, she became tearfully concerned;—but when alone and conscious that no eye observed him, the pent up sorrows of his soul sought relief, and his bowed head, its broad temples fevered and throbbing, would rest in agonized intensity of feeling upon his bosom.

His grief was wearing him to the grave. The hectic flush of lurking disease was too often seen mantling his

unusually pale cheek, and days of bodily prostration were becoming of much too frequent occurrence.

From the hour old Mr. Wilmer awoke to the awful sense of how deeply he had sinned against his daughter's happiness, he was a changed man. A moment seemed to have done the work of half a century. The haughty pride of his heart was subdued into a feeling of self impotency, and he seemed to have forgotten in an instant all the imaginary consequence which formerly lent its bewildering blandishments to his own conceptions of his character. He took Rolin at once into his regard; settled upon him a large portion of his estate, and extended toward him all the kindness and attention of parental partiality. Whether it were a real feeling or a species of atonement for the injury he had wrought his daughter, Rolin never pretended to question; he received the manifestation as real, and then let his mind settle where it must settle, immovably, upon the beloved, afflicted partner of his broken heart.

It would be vain, as it would be soul-harrowing to a mind of refined perceptions, to trace in any of their painful minutiae the incidents of such a life as circumstance, that apparent stern ruler of our destiny, caused Rolin Aberly to endure. Few have strength of imagination sufficient to realize the icy coldness of feelings which must have stolen over him, in witnessing the withered blossoms on such a stem,—who will even dare to fancy circumstances so fraught with agony as those which gathered like clouds of almost cimmerian darkness around him! Who will be willing to read the destiny of one doomed to listen to the maniac laugh of the idol of his affections—to fold to his bosom the lovely form of her who had chained the devotion of his young heart, and yet know that the form pressed there held no spirit of bright intelligence, and amid all this, to be forced to wear a smiling face, though the wing of despair which brooded over his mind was black as Egyptian darkness!

While Rolin was sitting absorbed in thought, as we have seen him at the

commencement of this chapter, he started like one pierced by a dagger, as a loud, agonizing cry, or rather shriek, echoed along the garden just under his window.—He glanced his eye below and saw Anne running madly towards the house screaming in an ecstasy of terror, the cause of which he could not perceive. Hurrying down from his chamber he found her in the hall, where she had fallen to the floor insensible, her eyes starting from her head, and the white froth oozing from her tightly compressed lips. In stooping to pick her up he saw a bloody scar upon her neck, and as he lifted her from the floor a venomous serpent glided like an arrow from the folds of her garments and shot out of the house. His first act was to apply his lips to the wound and draw out the poison, and then to bear her, still unconscious, to her chamber.

For three weeks she continued in a low nervous fever, during all which period she lay with her eyes closed, and manifesting but imperfect symptoms of consciousness or even existence. Toward the end of that time a change occurred for the better.

Rolin, who watched by her side with a patience which no fatigue could impair, was sitting one evening just as the fervid sun of a sultry day had settled behind one of the distant mountain ranges, watching with painful interest the unusually agitated features of his lovely wife. Suddenly her eyes opened, and rested upon him with a look of surprised intelligence, wandered round the room enquiringly and then fixed again upon his countenance, while a confused blush mantled her whole face. Rolin started up in an agony of joy and bent fondly over her, but she shrank away, and asked in a timid tone for her father. Then pressing her hand upon her brow where the veins were beginning to deepen their blue lines, she closed her eyes for a few moments; Rolin rang for a servant, who entered just as Anne looked up again, "Hannah, I want my father," she said in so earnest, so altered a tone that the poor girl, who had always been deeply attached to her mistress, started back clasping her hands

together in an ecstasy of bewildered delight. The foolish creature, recovering from her surprise, pressed up to the side of the bed with a profusion of wild, joyous ejaculations, which only added to the real confusion of Anne, who was unable to comprehend the meaning of all the circumstances by which she was surrounded.

Rolin forced the half insane girl from the room, and in a moment after Mr. Wilmer was heard hurrying along the passages. As he entered, the busy memory of Anne, whose returning reason was slowly assuming its influence, recurred back to the last scene of her conscious existence. She remembered the withering curse of her father which had fallen like a searing flame upon her young bosom, scorching and maddening its shrinking sensibilities. She felt the weight of his iron frown which seemed to contract her heart-strings—and heard the deep tones of his voice that rang the everlasting knell of her hopes and her happiness.

"Oh! save me, save me, Rolin, from that awful curse," she exclaimed in an agony of terror, clinging to her husband—and the little flame which had just began to glimmer was nearly extinguished again forever.

"My dear, dear child!" said the old man, trembling in every sinew, as he folded his arm around the neck of his shrinking daughter; "My dear, dear child! your father does not—will not curse you!—Anne, my child! do not shrink away from your old father—he will go down to the grave broken-hearted, if you do not look up and smile upon him!"

"Father," she said, in a deep whisper, which was heard in every corner of the apartment, and without unclosing her eyes, "will you then forgive me for disobedience?—will you love me as you used to love me? Do not curse me!" and her slender form quivered in the arms of her husband.

"Forgive you?—forgive you?" exclaimed the old man, the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, "Oh yes! my dear child; and love you more than I have ever loved you."

"Will you love Rolin?" she again urged, looking up into her father's face with a kind of joyful imploring confidence.—"Will you love Rolin, father?"

"Love him?" ejaculated the old man, gathering both into his arms like a precious treasure, "Yes! yes! my daughter—he is worthy of your love, and he is more than worthy of mine,—I will love him—I will love you, and death only shall quench the flame of affection!"

At this strong assurance Anne closed her eyes, and laid her head down upon the bosom of her husband, whose heart beat with a bounding wildness which threatened to rend every fibre of existence.

CHAPTER VI.

Strung for years as tensely as their slender strength would bear, Rolin's heart-strings had drawn too heavily upon the vital functions, and now that relaxation came, came also a fearful reaction, and it was too evident to all that the term of his continuance upon earth could be of but short duration.

Anne had recovered her reason in its full vigor, but never became aware how fearful and afflicting had been the mental aberration under which she had labored for years. Whether she had any suspicion of it none knew, for she never, even the most remotely, made allusion to it, and no one, of course, hinted to her so painful and dangerous a subject. A confusion of dates at first perplexed her, but she did not seem to observe it long, and made but slight reference to it even in the early period of her recovery.

Slowly, but alas! too surely, did existence wear to its ultimate termination with the unfortunate hero of our short story. He had for long and weary years borne up against the stern sorrows of life, and now, when the clouds had broken away, and a calm, clear sky was spreading its soft blue curtains over his head, the warning voice of mortality came and whispered its chilly summons, "you must die."

Thought to himself and almost every one it was evident that he must soon utter his last prayer and breathe his last

sigh, yet Anne could not, dared not, think of or imagine the fearful truth. It was like a fire in her brain, and to contemplate it was to risk the domination of reason. And yet, she could not rid her feelings of a weight of sadness whenever she looked intently upon the sunken eye, and pale and hollow cheek of her husband. Yet the fearful truth came at last with all of its burden of untold—unutterable misery. It came like an irresistible deluge sweeping away all resistance, and it bore the feeble victim, against whom its shock fell, to her long—long repose.

"Let us walk, Rolin," said she to him on a quiet evening in June, "the cool breezes will revive you after your day of mental toil.—Come, put up your books," she continued, chidingly, "You seem more attached to them than to your wife, and I am sure they cannot return half the affection she does,"—and she placed her fair soft hand upon his broad temples, and laid her warm cheek against his as she bent over his chair.

He looked up with a sad affectionate smile, for he knew that a parting must soon come, and he did not desire to, nay felt that he could not, part with the lovely being to whom his heart had been knit, even in her hours of weakness and imbecility.

He drew her arm within his as he arose at her gentle urgings, and they wandered away to the old haunts of their earlier days. The almost breathless stillness which reigns upon a summer evening when the sun has found its place of repose in the purple west, was settling over the bosom of nature, when Rolin and his fond companion turned from their pleasant wanderings. The absorbing influence of the hour lent its magic witchery to the feelings, and their spirits caught a tinge of those vague yearnings which cannot belong to earth.

"Though we are bound, Rolin, in a cord of affection which would seem to circle every emotion of happiness," spoke out, almost unconsciously, his lovely wife, for she scarce thought of what she said, "yet after all, what does life bring that satisfies the appetite of the mind? Restlessness and a reaching

out after an undefined, undefinable something characterizes every feature of our history; and such an hour as this but adds doubly to the yearning sensation."

"It is, my love, the immortality of our nature speaking within us. The strugglings of the caged bird to escape from its lower prison. The faint glimpses and remembrances of the home from which we have been long exiled wanderers. We shall soon return thither, and though one of us may be left a little while longer than the other, yet we shall meet again to know no sorrow, no dissatisfied feelings, no parting."

He spoke so earnestly, yet with a tone so subdued and tender, that Anne looked up into his face enquiringly, and after a thoughtful moment said, while a tear stole to her eye-lash,

"May it be long—long ere called to such a parting!"

"It may be very soon, my love. We should feel a patient willingness to meet such a moment, for it will certainly find us, and will not be less painful in its consummation whether the severing come in the next hour or whether it be delayed until years shall have measured out their lengthened existence. To part, under any circumstances, must be full of bitterness, but you know that

'To bear is to conquer our fate.'"

There was a deep energy in his tones which Anne had not often marked, and she felt that his warnings were prophetic. For the first time in her life she bent her mind seriously to ponder upon the awful realities of a final separation, but her sickening heart turned away from the chilling contemplation.

From that evening Rolin gradually sunk away to the vale of shadows, where the weary are forever at rest.

I will not pretend to picture the agony of mind which settled upon the heart of Anne while she watched his slow progress to dissolution, but shall hasten to the last scene.

CHAPTER VII.

All day long Rolin had lain in a state of nearly total insensibility, and the night was beginning to draw toward the morning watch, when the death agony

came upon him. Bathed in tears, Anne had set for hours with her head leaning upon the same pillow that supported his, unable to look even then the awful truth of her condition full in the face; but when she saw death settling over his pale brow, and the clammy sweat standing in large drops upon his forehead, the wild and withering reality came like a blighting siroc over the green verdure of her heart. She stood by him, fearfully calm, while he writhed in his last mortal strugglings; but death was as busy with her heart-strings as with his, for when his snapped beneath the touch of the stern destroyer, her's thrilled to their last sad music.

The same green mound that rises above the lowly resting place of Rolin, covers all that remains of Anne his wife, and near by sleeps in unbroken solitude, the bones of him who soon followed his hapless daughter in sorrow to the grave.

Thus is their strange history wound up. And it would seem almost an illustration of Burn's sceptical line—

"That man was made to mourn,"

did we not instantly recur to his own eloquent refutation,—

*"Many and sharp the mournful ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"*

THE celebrated Major Jack Downing, in one of his letters in the New York Express, makes the following sensible remarks:

"In the matter of fighting, there is one thing I always keep my eye on, and I found General Scott of the same way of thinking; and that is, to depend less on folks who say they are 'ready to shed the LAST DROP of their blood,' than on folks who are ready to shed the *first drop*. Give a man eight dollars a-day to make speeches in Congress with the right of free postage, and you hear enough of 'last drop' matters; but when it comes to camp duty, and raw beef, and stale bread and bagnet work, then the 'first drop' folks have to stand the racket at eight dollars a *month*."

For the Rose of the Valley.
AN EXCURSION.

How beautiful is nature!—Spring, in all its loveliness on a clear and cloudless day, just as the green foliage begins to mantle the noble forest; when the feathered choir are chanting forth their merry carol, and skipping from bough to bough; and universal nature smiles enchantingly in her loveliest attire. Every heart palpitates with fresh vigor in contemplation of the returning glory with which she is decorated. On a golden morning at this season, I left the port of Cincinnati, bound for a northern clime. The atmosphere which had for some days been thick and smoky, almost to suffocation, had during the past evening been dispersed by a gentle shower. The sun arose in all his glory, gilding with its effulgent beams the lofty spires and magnificent domes of the “Queen of the West.” The “star spangled banner” floated gracefully from the garrison on the opposite shore. The numerous steamers of the hundred and one noble crafts lying in port, fluttered on the morning breeze. I left my lodgings and proceeded to the wharf to take passage for Pittsburgh; and there amid the forest of pipes and chimneys that arose on all sides, I embarked on one of the noblest steamers of the western waters. In a few minutes the “Rodolph” was under motion, and most nobly did she stem the current of the Ohio. Every one that has had the pleasure of seeing the Ohio, will admit it to be the most beautiful river they ever saw. Its shores and scenery are splendid beyond description. Delightful villages, beautiful villas, costly and extensive farms, with here and there a splendid mansion, form the characteristic part of its scenery. Luxuriant gardens and alluvial bottoms, stretching away as far as the eye can reach; interspersed with meandering rivulets, and limpid pools.

It is a most splendid sight to view the “scenery along the pleasant Ohio” from the hurricane deck of a steamboat, on a clear and beautiful day in the sunny month of April. The day on which I sailed was delightful; not a cloud

floated in the blue heavens, the air was bland and refreshing. The green foliage that fringes the banks of this mighty river, waved gently to the balmy breeze, upon whose wings were wafted the scented odors as from the “cypress groves of India’s isles.” Oh what a delightful scene! The mighty engine which propels the steamer Rodolph was driving us through the “blue waters” at the rate of ten miles per hour. A friend informed me we should soon pass the celebrated island formerly owned by Blannerhasset, and notorious for its being the scene of Burr’s conspiracy. He had scarcely done speaking, when upon turning a point in the river, we found ourselves gliding past it with great rapidity. It was the most beautiful spot I ever saw. But we glided on; we were now within a few miles of the pleasant town of Marietta; remarkable for its ancient ruins, fortifications, mounds, &c. Now the shades of evening began once more to close around us; the last beam had faded in the west, and shed a melancholy glow upon surrounding objects. As we were winding now along the sides of luxuriant fields, and anon gliding behind some lofty bluff, we were apprised that we were fast overhauling another steamer. It could be no other than a rival boat that left twelve hours before the Rodolph, and whose captain had boasted he would reach Pittsburgh two days first. In an instant the chimneys of the Rodolph sent forth clouds of a thick, dense black smoke, and by the suffocating stench it was evident a few barrels of tar were undergoing decomposition. I took my station upon the hurricane deck, as the recollection of the ill-fated “Moselle” flashed across my mind; already I fancied myself flying through the air in a most miraculous manner, and in fact I was,—for, puff went the Rodolph, puff quoth her rival, and puff, puff,—trees, houses, fields, mountains, flew past us, as though his satanic majesty was raging with fearful peril in our rear. A loud shout was heard from the crew of the Rodolph which roused me from my reverie: we were fast gaining upon them, every time our buckets struck it

seemed to raise the ponderous craft clear from the water. Now was a mighty effort made by the rival boats; not a breath was heard from the crews; a moment longer of intense anxiety, and the Rodolph veered from her course, one more effort, and the bow of our boat shot past the stern of her antagonist. Not a word was spoken on either boat, every one gazed in breathless excitement. A loud shout of triumph burst from the Rodolph, and she shot past her rival, and was lost to her view behind a projecting point. I drew my breath free once more, descended to my berth, and was soon lost in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of the fair ones in my native, though distant home. In the morning we were passing the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela; we were soon stumbling over the stone-paved streets of the "city of smoke," glad once more to find that we had escaped the dangers of steamboat accidents, and ourselves on terra firma again. J. F. 1839.

NOBILITY GAINED BY MERIT.

THE ancestor of the Duke of Leeds was a young man named Osborne, who served his apprenticeship to Sir William Hewitt, who was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir William lived on London Bridge, and his daughter, during Edward Osborne's apprenticeship, accidentally fell from her father's window into the Thames. Osborne plunged after the young lady, and saved her life at the risk of his own. This act added much to the favorable opinion which the master had for the apprentice, and as soon as the latter had served his time, Sir William Hewitt said to him,—
"Osborne, you are a deserving youth, and have faithfully served me for seven years. I am under considerable obligation to you—you have saved the life of my only daughter at the peril of your own. You have then the best claim to her—she is at your service, if you choose to accept of her in marriage, and the most considerable part of what I am possessed of shall hereafter be yours."

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Osborne gladly accepted the generous offer, and the eldest son of that marriage was Hewett Osborne, who was knighted by the earl of Essex, under whom he served in Ireland, for his services in the field. The family soon after became ennobled. Thomas Osborne, the first Duke of Leeds, was prouder of the circumstance of his ancestor having acquired wealth and station by his honest and intrepid spirit, than he was of any of the subsequent services of the family, and related the circumstance with conscious pride to Charles II.

LINES

On the death of Master WILLIAM STEPHENS, of New York, who was accidentally drowned.

[Inserted by request.]

Oh! why, my William, wert thou snatched so soon
From friendship's grasp and parents' doating arms?

Why sank thy sun ere yet it reached its noon,
To spread full blown thy virtues' budding charms?

Why wert thou pluck'd, the blooming rose, away,
Whilst faded vice yet lingers on the stem?
Why not permitted here a while to stay,
To bless thy friends, a pure unsullied gem?

Too pure thou wert,—too pure for this gross clod;
Like a bright dew-drop kiss'd from earth away,
To heaven thou'rt gone to meet thy Maker, God,
And shine a seraph in the realms of day.

Perhaps in kindness heaven had thus ordained,
To rescue thee from ills of riper years;
Perhaps if thou hadst lived, alone remained
A life of pain, of sorrow, and of tears.

Oh! searchless heaven, before thy sacred will,
Fain would we bow submissive and resigned;
Yet friendship must suffer from sorrow a thrill,
When death severs hearts that love hath entwined.

Although no parent bathed thy timeless bier,
With love's warm tears, nor closed thy once bright eye,
Although from home a stranger thou wert here,
Not soon shall they who knew thee cease to sigh.

Although no sister wept, no brother mourned,
Nor bent in sorrow o'er thy new made grave,
Yet many a friend thy funeral train adorned,
Full many a tear to sorrow there they gave

Could youth and beauty save us from the tomb,
Still hadst thou liv'd to be a mother's pride,
Could love and friendship change our final doom,
Still would'st thou shine fair virtue's youthful guide.

Let this console thy aged parent's heart,
Though all thy budding honors were not blown,
Although thou'rt called so soon from her to part,
Beloved thou wert—admired wherever known.

Farewell, my William, fare-thee-well again,
Accept this tribute of a friend sincere,
As the last offering that can now remain,
Save the sad one to weep upon thy bier.

A TRUE STORY.

THE emperor Alexander being on a journey to one of the remotest provinces of his dominions, his carriage broke down on the way, and he was obliged to stop on the high-road. Having extricated himself, the Emperor left his attendants employed in endeavoring to repair the damage, and proceeded slowly on foot. He was soon overtaken by General D****, who was also in attendance on him, and who immediately sprung out of his own carriage, to offer the use of it to the Emperor. Alexander, however, desired him to get in again, to hasten forward to the next post, to expedite the preparations for continuing his journey, and to wait his arrival.

The General obeyed, and had not gone far, when an elderly Russian woman of the peasant order, came up to the Emperor, and in a free, though not a rude manner, thus addressed him:

OLD WOMAN—Do you come from Petersburg?

EMPEROR—Yes.

OLD WOMAN—You belong, perhaps, to the Emperor's suite?

EMPEROR—I do.

OLD WOMAN—Have you brought for me a letter with money, from my son?

EMPEROR—No; who is your son?

OLD WOMAN—Hey! don't you know my son? and yet say you belong to the Emperor's suite?—Why, he is warmer of the stoves in the winter palace?

The Emperor was amused with her vivacity and her freedom, and asked her to give him some more information respecting her son.

She told him, that he had always been in the habit of sending her seventy rubles out of his salary; as she, from her age, was incapable of earning much for herself. This year, however, as he knew the Emperor had intended to travel through her village, he had written to her to tell her, that he would send the money by one of the Emperor's attendants on the journey.

EMPEROR—You are quite right, mother, I recollect now; your son did not give me the money, but to another of the Emperor's servants. You are mistaken also as to the sum, which is not 70 but 500 rubles.

OLD WOMAN—Are you in earnest?

EMPEROR—In good earnest. If you will go on to the next post, you will there find the officer. Alexander then gave the old woman an exact description of general D****, so that she might be sure to know him, and added—Be sure you make him give you the five hundred rubles.

The old lady shook the Emperor heartily by the hand for his intelligence, and set off as quickly as she could go to the next post. She soon found General D***, and began thus: "I want the five hundred rubles which you have brought to me from St. Petersburg, from my son."

The General stared, and thought she was mad.

"My good woman," said he, mildly, through compassion for her supposed state of mind, "you certainly are mistaken in the person. I know neither you nor your son, still less have I received any money for any one here."

"Ah, but a gentleman that must know, has told me you have. He described you to me to a hair, and expressly said, that I was to be sure to make you give me the money."

"Some one has been imposing on you. It is scandalous for any one to play such a trick."

"O no, no, no! he did not look at all as if he were capable of deceiving any one. So give me the money without more ado."

"Go away," said the General, beginning to be fired by this attack; "I have received no money from any one, therefore you cannot have any from me."

"So, you deny it, then!—oh fie! I should not have expected it from a person of such high rank as you."

Just then the Emperor entered the room. She, immediately that she saw him, pointed triumphantly at him, and cried out—

"Now let us see whether you will deny it any longer. 'This is the gentleman who told me that you had the money.'"

The General was about to relate this strange rencontre to the Emperor, but the latter made a sign to him, and said—

"Recollect again: did you not receive five hundred rubles from the heater of the stoves, to give over to his mother?"

Understanding the sign, the General, after a short pause, passing his hand over his forehead, as if trying to recollect, said—

"Yes, I do remember now; I wonder what had become of my recollection;" and turning to the old woman, he said, "I was confused by the journey; but I will give you your money directly, and you shall count it before I go."

He then opened a casket, and counted out before her five hundred rubles.

The old woman stood frightened and motionless, staring on the proffered treasure, but not moving to touch it.

"Why don't you take your money?" said the General.

"I would willingly, were I only certain that my son did not steal it.

"Surely not," said the Emperor: "why should you think so?"

"How, or where in the world else could he have got so much?"

"The Emperor has lately given all his servants, from first to last, a gratuity; and your son, among the rest, has received five hundred rubles for his good conduct."

"Ah!" cried the matron, clasping her hands together, and her eyes filling with tears of joy, "God bless the Emperor! Oh, if I could but see him before I died!"

The Emperor was touched; and the General could not restrain his emotion. The latter forgot his sovereign's desire to preserve his *incognito*, and exclaimed, "he stands before you, mother—your wish is fulfilled."

The old woman, as soon as she could clearly comprehend the words, fell down on her knees before the Emperor, delighted at the accomplishment of her

wish, but terrified at the recollection of her former boldness.

Alexander kindly raised her from her knees, and said to her, "I am glad you have so good and grateful a son: your fears for his honesty do you credit, and you are properly rewarded for the principles you must have instilled into him when he was young, by his present affectionate conduct towards you. You shall in future receive from me a pension that will suffice for your wants, so that he shall not henceforth be obliged to stint himself in the performance of his filial duties. If he conducts himself well, something farther shall be done for him."

For the Room of the Valley

FREWSBURGH, May 15th, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—While I was a sojourner in your city, I had the misfortune to lose a father and a sister. The king of terrors claimed them as his victims, and the tenderest ties were broken. I have composed a few lines upon the death of a dear sister, and if you should think them worthy of your valuable periodical, you will confer a favor upon the bereaved brother by inserting them.

Yours with respect,

JAMES PARKER

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Our number 's not large,—oh why make it less?
Her eyes ye have closed, but her slumbers still
bless;

Here is her home, oh here let her stay,
She's still one of us, and she must not away,
She must not away to the grave-yard cold,
Nor must we hear that deep bell so unfeelingly
toll'd.

She shall lie 'neath the turf by her fingers made
gay.

With the flowrets of spring, and the beauties of
day.

Where the songster she loved, may chirp in the
grass,

And the sweet singing birds in their happiness
pass;

She shall lie where the boughs of the verdant trees
wave,

And their blossoms in fragrance be strewn on her
grave;

Where the murmur and music, the low breezes
bear,

Of the bee on the bud, and the bird in the air;
Where our prayers from her grave may ascend at
the dawn,

And our tears fall unseen as the twilight comes on.

They say that she heeds not our prayers or our
love,

That her soul now entranced with the bright ones
 above,
 No longer takes note of the hearts bleeding here:
 Believe not a doctrine to feeling so dear,—
 Can the tide of affection, the full gushing flow,
 Be dried up by death in a moment?—O no!
 'Twill linger around the paths where she moved,
 The flowers that she nourished, the hearts that she
 loved;
 Her soul will at twilight glide down with the
 dew,
 Our feelings to hallow, our virtue renew;
 Or sail on the white clouds of morning, and throw
 An influence down with its shadow below;
 Or plead in the breezes that sigh at the door
 Remembrance for one we shall gaze on no more.

But the hearts of affection her whole soul that
 knew,
 May surely be suffered with tears to bedew
 The turf where she lies, and the evergreens fair,
 And the violets and roses, blossoming there;
 To nurture the rose, the clematis twine,
 And form of her sepulchre, love's holy shrine,
 And we'll plant there a willow, and set up a stone,
 With these simple lines engraved thereon:
 Under the tree, we reas for thee,
 And the murmur and music of bird and bee,
 Rest, Louisa dear, rest sister here,
 Mid the fragrant flowers thou loved so well;
 Until with thine, our dust combine,
 In the waning year when the leaves decline,
 And our spirits rise, away to the shore,
 Where the loved and the lovely alone may
 dwell.

NEVER WRITE on a subject without
 having READ YOURSELF FULL of it, and
 never READ on a subject till you have
 thought YOURSELF HUNGRY on it.

A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

GENERAL LEE—in a slovenly dress
 FARMER.
 BETSY—the Farmer's daughter.
 OFFICERS.
 Scene—a farm-house in Watertown, Mass.

Farmer. COME Betsy, stir up the
 fire, and keep the pot boiling, for there
 is word that General Lee is passing
 along in his way to Concord. I'll be
 bound the soldiers will be dropping in;
 and they are ravenous creatures after a
 morning's march. Oddzooks, these are
 dreadful days for a poor man to be cast in.

Betsy. I'm sure father, when the
 poor fellows are fighting for our liberty,
 you can't begrudge 'em a hearty dinner.

Farmer. No, Betsy, I begrudges 'em
 nothing that I can give 'em, so long
 as they march with Washington at their
 head. I lost my right arm fighting by
 his side—and if so-be that my poor bo-
 dy should be deemed worthy to save

his brave heart from a British bullet—
 why Betsy, I would e'en risk it, and
 trust you to the care of God, and him
 who has proved the father of his coun-
 try, and the poor man's friend. God
 bless him and all those who suffer for
 America. That ever the tears should
 come to my eyes when I think of lay-
 ing down my unworthy life for his.

[*Farmer goes out, and soon after General
 Lee enters, looking like a mean, slovenly
 officer.*]

Gen. Lee. The top of the morning
 to you, good woman. Can you give a
 soldier a draught of milk?

Betsy. Where may you be bound
 to-day?

Gen. Lee. Why truly, good woman,
 that is a yankee answer to my question
 —but if you let me have some of the
 savory dinner that is cooking over the
 fire, I will tell you where we are going,
 and many stories about the regulars be-
 side.

Betsy. I'd give a draught of milk
 to any body that followed the striped
 flag; but for the matter of the dinner,
 I'm choosing to keep that warm for Ge-
 neral Lee. They say he's like a bro-
 ther to Washington, and I can tell you
 he shall take nobody's leavings.

Gen. Lee. That is right my girl;
 but if you give me a hot dinner, I pro-
 mise you General Lee shall give you a
 hearty kiss for it.

Betsy. I should be sorry to have
 General Lee hear such indecent dis-
 course, you ill-mannered loon. But if
 you want a dipper of milk, go and draw
 this pail of water.

Gen. Lee. It is light work to wait
 upon such a rosy-cheeked damsel.—
 (Takes the pail and goes out.)—

[*An officer rides up to the well.*]

Officer. Why General, you are real-
 ly at home, waiting upon the farmer.

Gen. Lee. Not quite so bad neither.
 It is his pretty daughter that makes me
 her servant. She is very anxious to see
 General Lee. She says I shall not have
 one mouthful of dinner until he is ser-
 ved; nor could I obtain even a draught
 of milk, without earning it by drawing
 a pail of water.—(Laughter.)

Officer. Now you see what it is, General, to wear a dirty threadbare coat. Who could know a lion if he were covered with a calf skin!

Gen. Lee. The girl is not to blame, sure enough; but wait here a few minutes until I have coaxed a dinner from her, without letting her know that General Lee is the beggar.—(Enters the cottage with a pail of water.)

Betsy. This is a pretty sort of work, sir; you have kept me waiting long enough to get six pails of water. Do you think I shall give you any thing to eat, lazy bones?

[*A soldier, throwing himself off a horse, enters almost breathless.*]

Soldier, (bowing.) General Lee, the regulars are half a mile below.—Had'n't the troops better be on horse?

Gen. Lee. Yes, yes,—to horse instantly, I'll join you.

Betsy, (deeply blushing.) Is it General Lee that I have been speaking such unbecoming words before? I meant no harm, your honor: for nobody could have guessed you'd been a general.

Gen. Lee. Well, my pretty lass, this mistake has done no harm. I cannot stop to eat the dinner you have been saving so nice for me; but I'll give you the kiss I promised, and with it a word of advice. If ever you are tempted to choose a husband for the sake of his handsome coat, remember General Lee.

THE DEAD DANCERS.

Miss —, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of a disposition singularly perverse and exacting, was betrothed to a French officer who had been placed upon the half-pay list from being incapacitated for service by a musket ball, which he received in his breast, and which had not been extracted. Captain — was an elegant waltzer, but owing to the state of his health, he could never take more than one or two turns upon the floor without being overcome by exhaustion; and indeed his physician had expressly forbidden him to share in that exciting dance. Waltzing, though subsequently written out of fashion by the authors of *Salmagundi*

di, was at that time nearly as much in vogue as at present, and Miss — who affected to be a leader of ton, was one of the first always to join in the graceful whirl. Partners, however, were not easy to be obtained unless when foreigners were present: and it chanced one evening, that Miss — entered a ball room just when Captain — had waltzed a few turns, and overcome with the exercise, was about retiring from the room. The lady was provoked at having arrived too late to secure her lover for the first dance, and with a want of consideration truly unfeminine, laid her hand upon his arm to detain him in passing. Poor Monsieur —, though pale and sinking, had too much of the Frenchman about him to resist the appeal. He begged a short respite, however, which was granted, while the careless girl rattled away with the beaux who had clustered around her, as she leaned upon the arm of her silent lover. After a very brief time, a single quadrille only having intervened, the waltzing couples were called to the floor, and the thoughtless Miss — hurried her partner into the gay circle. The band struck up. The dancers moved, and the slow time enabled the invalid captain to get through with the first round with apparent ease. He seemed, too, to gather life as the time of the music quickened, and the waltzers moved faster and faster; nay, his strength was so renewed, that he soon tired out the other couples. The floor was left to this single pair; and now so swiftly did they whirl around, that the musicians in turn had to follow them with the most rapid execution. The gaze of the whole company was fixed upon this eccentric pair, when suddenly the face of the lady was seen to turn almost of a purple color, while the features of her partner *worked* as if affected by some hideous spasm. Her eyes rolled with an anxious, appealing look, while his became fixed with the stare of a maniac. Her arms fell listlessly by her side—his seemed to contract like hinges of iron about her person; which, folded in his embrace, was flung—with the last move of the delirious and dying man—a corpse upon

the floor. The horror-struck spectators sprang to the assistance of the unfortunate lady, but she was already gone, and her lover expired before she could be released from his arms. An examination of the officer's body proved that his death ensued from the dropping inwardly, upon a mortal part, of the bullet he had so long carried about him; and, in the sudden delirium of his death-agony, he had wrought some fatal injury to the lady by the horrible compression in which he held her.

For the Rose of the Valley.

TO MARY—

LADY, I love thee passing well,
And did I know thy heart was mine,
No tongue my happiness could tell—
I'd pledge myself forever thine.

It is but seldom that we meet
In private or amid the throng,
To me those interviews are sweet,
As those described in poet's song.

'Tis not thy beauty that I prize,
For that will wither and decay,
And like the rose that blooms and dies,
Its fascinations pass away.

I seek not wealth, for that has wings,
And in a moment disappears;
While all our fond imaginings
Are turned to sorrow, grief and tears.

It is thy virtues I adore,
The pleasing charms that grace thy
mind,
For these I to thy hand aspire,
And wish our hearts in one were joined.

For they will live when beauty's bloom
Beneath the hand of time shall fade;
When the frail *casket* seeks the tomb,
Its gems shall sparkle undecayed.
Cleves, Ohio. RURICOLA

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stint ourselves, and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and heap interest upon interest, and cent upon cent—to be miserable and despised for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and

disappointment. And when nearly enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness—death comes to finish the work; the body is buried in a hole, the heirs cover it, and the spirit goes—*Where?*

From the Saturday Courier.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

BY MORRIS MATTSON.

"Truth is stronger than fiction."

A FEW weeks ago, as I was strolling through the suburbs of ———, I was witness to one of the most painful and extraordinary scenes that ever came under my notice. I reached a gloomy and deserted part of the town, where I observed a small brick house, standing alone in an open space or lot. It was removed several hundred yards from any other building. A narrow street passed along by the door: as I continued my way, I observed a young woman, with rather a pleasing exterior, coming at full speed in an opposite direction. She was closely pursued by a young man of respectable appearance, who followed her into the house. She was evidently much frightened, while he, by the fiendish expression of his countenance, was resolved upon some brutal or desperate act. Scarcely had they disappeared, when a succession of screams were heard; and an elderly woman hurried into the street, exclaiming in an Irish accent—

"He's murtherin my daughter! he's murtherin my daughter!"

I rushed unceremoniously into the house; there, indeed, was the young woman stretched upon the floor, while the brutal wretch had planted his knee upon her chest, and was beating her in the most unmerciful manner. With one blow I levelled him with the dust. She rose to her feet, but being much exhausted threw herself into a chair.

"Don't hurt him," said she, in a voice of entreaty, "don't hurt him, he is my husband."

The ruffian, thus amicably designated, soon recovered; he did not attempt to

offer me any violence; on the contrary, he shrunk, abashed, into a corner of the room, without uttering a syllable.

"What do you mean," I enquired, "by such conduct as this?"

"The woman I have beaten," said he, with the accent, though in a slight degree, of an Irishman, "is my wife—and I will tell you God's truth about it. You must know, sir, that we were married only six months ago, and never was there a happier couple than Rose and myself—for she was a jewel of a girl—and when I came home at night, she would receive me with open arms, and I thought there was no one she could love half so well as her poor Vernon—but"—and he paused to wipe away the large drops of perspiration which had collected upon his brow,—"but she has deceived me—she has been false to me."

"False to you!" interrupted his wife, springing suddenly to her feet with a look of scorn and indignation. "False to you, Vernon! no, never, as there is a God to judge me!"

"Peace! peace!" returned the husband; "when I have done, then you may commence. The gentleman asks me why I have lifted my hand to a woman, and I must answer the question. Well, sir," he continued, turning to me, "I had reason to be suspicious of my wife, and it made a devil of me. There was no more happiness for poor Vernon: the blood in his veins seemed as if they were streams of fire—and he slept neither night nor day. And the cause of all this, sir, was a young man who came into the neighborhood to board. He was considered handsome, and was generally admired by the women. It was reported that my wife was in the habit of meeting the young stranger in private. I charged her with it, but she denied it, and said it was a slander invented by the neighbors to injure her; and I—fool that I was!—I believed it; but still I was not satisfied—that is, there was a doubt upon my mind—and as I lay abed one night, there was something whispered that my wife was guilty; and I got up and felt for my knife: but as I held the blade over her, the thought struck

me that she might, after all, be innocent, and then it occurred to me what a dreadful thing it would be to murder my poor Rose, wicked as she might be; and so I stretched myself again upon the bed, but without closing my eyes the livelong night. Well sir, my suspicions are now confirmed. As I was returning home a few moments ago, I accidentally discovered Rose and the young man standing among a cluster of trees, just back of the house here, and he—heaven and earth! I saw it with my own eyes!—he took her by the hand, and several times kissed her. I stole through the long grass and weeds as softly as I could, for I intended to kill them both on the spot; but they saw me and fled—Rose to the house, and the young man across the fields."

The husband here paused as if anxious to hear what his wife would say in reply. By this time she was calm and subdued, and had sunk almost inanimate into her chair. Her dark eyes were filled with tears—so penitent and sorrowful did she appear—and at length she raised them to her husband's face with an expression of the keenest anguish.

"Your words are true," said she, in a plaintive tone: "but I am not yet to be condemned. The young man you speak of—it would be useless to conceal the truth—the young man is dear to me—very dear—" and as she spoke, the brow of her husband darkened, and he involuntarily clenched his fists. "Vernon," she continued, without appearing to notice his violent emotions—"do you remember, Vernon, that you once had a brother secretly murdered?"

"I do," was the quick response.

"How often I have heard you swear," added the wife, "that you would be the death of the—the assassin, if he were ever to cross your path."

"And so I would," said he.

"Then the blood of a precious youth would be upon your hands," said she warmly. "Listen to me, Vernon. The secret of your brother's death is in my possession, but I knew it not until after we were married. And what could I then do but to make you happy, if it was in my power to do so? No, no! I

did not wish to make *you* a murderer, and see you strung upon the gallows; I had grief enough to weigh upon me without that, and so I *kept* the secret. But I must out with it now: the time has come when the mystery must be explained. The murderer—if I must use so harsh a term—is a noble and high spirited youth; he struck down his adversary in the heat of passion, as you yourself would have done, Vernon; but when he saw the rash act—when he found he had deprived a fellow-being of his life, he wept tears of bitterness; ay! and he fled that he might avoid a felon's death. But he has returned now—just returned; and he it was whose lips you saw pressed to mine, for it was a parting—a farewell kiss."

The husband could no longer control his anger, and, giving vent to expressions which we cannot repeat, demanded of his wife if she were base enough to *confess* her guilt?

"Hear me," said Rose, in a firm, resolute voice. "You must know who the young man is."

"A fiend! a devil!" cried Vernon. "Is it not so?"

"Swear that you will offer him no harm," entreated his wife, wringing her hands in fear and anguish.

"That would be a perjury," answered the husband. "No, no; I must be avenged of your new lover; his life must pay the forfeit of his crimes."

"You will not murder him!" wildly exclaimed the wife. "No, no—I *think* you will not, Vernon! only swear!"

"If it was to prove your innocence, Rose, I would swear to any thing."

"It is to prove my innocence," added the wife, in an earnest and impassioned tone. "Swear!"

"I do."

"By the cross? you are a catholic, Vernon."

"By the cross be it!" he repeated, lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"Know you then," said Rose with a tremulous voice, "that young man is my BROTHER!"

"Your brother!" repeated he in a quick, animated tone.

"Ay! and tell me if there was pollu-

tion in his touch! No, no, Vernon; I know you will forgive him! The murderer was a rash, thoughtless act, but you do not know how penitent he is. He confided to me the secret; I betrayed him, but it was that *you* might not think me a *wanton*. Your oath is sacred, Vernon!"

To describe the joy which the husband experienced on this occasion, torn and distracted as he was by the pangs of jealousy, would be impossible: he flew into the arms of his wife, promising for the future they should be the happiest couple in the world.

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THERE WAS AN open grave—and many an eye
Look'd down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Mov'd on, as if reluctantly it bore
The young, unwearied form to that cold couch,
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man—
There seem'd a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes—

—There was a train

Of young, fair females, with their brows of gloom
And shining tresses, arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly
And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew-drop from the morning flow'r
And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came
With movements fashion'd to the deep-ton'd bell;
She came with mourning stole, and sorrowing friend,
And tears of those who at her side were nurl'd
By the same mother.—Ah! and one was there
Who, e'er the fading of the rose,
Had hop'd to greet her as his bride,—But Death
Arose between them. The pale lover watch'd
So close her journey thro' the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart the ice of death
Enter'd from hers. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her, and her kneeling eye
Pour'd such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toil'd
For that slight breath that held her from the tomb,
Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's brow,
Yet spares and tinges long with rosy light.

Oft o'er the musings of her silent couch
Came visions of that matron form that bent
With nursing tenderness, to soothe and bless
Her cradle dream; and her emaciate hand
In trembling pray'r raised—that "He who say'd
The sainted mother, would redeem the child."
Was the orison lost? Whence then that peace
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that lov'd
Earth and its pleasures? Whence that angel-smile
With which the allurements of a world so dear
Were counted and resign'd? That eloquence
So fondly urging those whose hearts were full
Of sublunary happiness to seek
A better portion? Whence that voice of joy
Which from the marble lip in life's last strife
Burst forth, to hail her overlasting home?
Cold reasoner be convinced, and when you stand
Where that fair brow and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust, where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn.—Oh! lift the heart
In praise to him who gave the victory—

Zeal when baffled turns to spleen.

Selected for the Rose of the Valley.

A SCENE VIEWED FROM THE WINDOW.

DIAGONALLY opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery that seemed to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates. But I will throw into the story vein what I have to narrate, for it is a novelette in itself.

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and for aught I knew to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits on a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my nook, and was struck by her surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in wealth and grandeur? No! I worshipped afar off. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a mustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address: he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite to her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty. How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass!" Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse and raised his hat.

The action, the manner, the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair, and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause, by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment the stranger rode up, and bowed with ineffable grace, and, (blessed encounter that with the omnibus wheel!) his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. "The lady's" carriage (it was a landau, and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *pave*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with

that of the lady at her carriage. One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have declared the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the *gentleman* and lady descended. The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this affair for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico, pulled at the bell. The next moment, he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my own gaze. I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! * * * * *

The declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me most edifyingly. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to take some sudden step. She at first appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. In ten minutes the landau was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it. I could hear the order to the coachman, "Drive to St. John's Church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the cor-

ner of Canal street. I followed full fast on foot. When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the *trottoir*, to re-enter it, the grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, following them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family-carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him. "You shan't." "I will." "I say you shan't." "I say I will," were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!"

"And sir, *who* may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir."

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter!"

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's charming housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove to the servants' hall door, and my heroine came forth closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery!

For the Rose of the Valley.

THE MOON.

BY HACK VON STRETCHER.

Hail to the moon—to the pale new moon!

When her early beams of silver light,
Like the gems that deck a bride's dark-hair,
Flash on the brow of the youthful night:

When twilight sinks in shade,
And with the evening star
She rolls along her endless path,

Where the fields of space stretch free
and far!

From the hill-top, that shall hide her soon,
Hail to the moon—to the pale new moon.

Hail to the moon—to the bright full moon!

When she bursts in beauty from the
cloud,

And pours the tide of her brilliant light,
Like gold that gleams from a warrior's
shroud!

When on the trackless sea

She lights the sailor's way,

While o'er the lovers' trysting place

Her beams with a softer radiance play.

Blest be their hour, though it fade too soon!
Hail to the moon—to the bright full moon!

MIAMI, Aug. 1839.

LAWFUL REVENGE.—Many years since a gentleman in Newington, a parish of Weathersfield, Connecticut, who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women that could be found in the vicinity. This occasioned a universal surprise wherever he was known, and one of his neighbors ventured to ask him the reasons which governed his

choice. He replied, that having had but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of becoming too much attached to things of time and sense, and he thought that by experiencing some afflictions he should become more weaned from the world, and that he had married such a woman as he thought would accomplish this object.

The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reasons why he had married her, was much offended, and out of revenge, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was not going to be made a pack-horse, to carry her husband to heaven.

AN EXTRACT.

COULD we draw back the covering of the tomb—could we see what those are now, who once were mortal—Oh! how would it surprise and grieve us to behold the prodigious transformation that has taken place in every individual—grieve us to see the dishonor done to our nature in general, within these subterranean lodgments—here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attracting smile, grins horribly—a naked, ghastly grin!—The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and glanced its lovely lightning into the most guarded heart—alas! where is it? How are all those radiant glories totally eclipsed? That tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land hath forgot its cunning. Where are the strains of melody which ravished our ear? Where the flow of persuasion which carried captive our judgments? The great master of language and of song is become silent as the night which surrounds him.

PRINTING AND BINDING.—When doctor Franklin, a printer, was sent by his country as a minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a book binder, and a man of talent, as a minister to the United States. "Well," said Franklin, "I'll *print* the independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

"*Marry the lass that has the cow,*" was the advice of an old gentleman to a laddie who consulted him on a choice between a girl with a cow, and one with a pretty face—"so far as beauty is considered, there is not the difference of a cow between any two girls in Christendom." This is not my notion, however, though there is something in it. But marry the girl who will manage your domestic concerns to advantage, who is prudent, sensible, economical—if you get a good disposition—an accomplished mind with it, it will be all the better; and beauty, if you find it united with all these, will complete the tout ensemble.

Do not marry for money merely; there is neither love nor reason in that. It may buy many fine things, but it will not buy happiness; and without that man is a poor creature. Money is no objection—it may, indeed, be an important object—but every other consideration bends to the point of being *matched* as well as *paired*, when Love and Reason join hands.

MIND AND MANNERS.

THERE seems to be some congeniality between a fine form and a virtuous mind. When we meet an individual in the walks of life, who unites pleasing manners with beauty of person, there is none that can withhold from him the meed of approbation. But if, on a further acquaintance, we discover that his principles are unsound, his feelings perverted, and his habits so many hypocritical assumptions, we are compelled to turn ourselves away in disgust. It is like the traveler, who copies afar off a pleasant grove of orange trees, quivering in the western breeze. The tinge of the fruit rivals the beams of the rosy sun; the fragrance of the branches scents the whole atmosphere: the traveler approaches it in rapture, and discovers it the haunt of serpents, wild beasts, or wilder Indians. Such too often is the result of cultivated acquaintance in the world.

PATRICK HENRY left in his will the following testimony in favor of the Chris-

tian religion. "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the christian religion. If they had that, and I had given them nothing, they would be rich; and without it, if I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

WHEN Constantine was chosen emperor, he found several christians in office, and he issued an edict requiring them to renounce their faith, or quit their places. Most of them gave up their offices, to preserve their consciences—but some *cringed* and renounced christianity. When the emperor had thus made full proof of their disposition and character, he removed all who thus basely complied with his supposed wishes, and retained the others, saying "that those who would desert or deny their divine master, would desert him, and were not worthy of his confidence."

BOLINGBROKE left one of his infidel publications to be published after his death by Mallet, a brother unbeliever. Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion of the legacy, exclaimed, "A scoundrel! who spent his life in charging a pop-gun against christianity; and a coward, who, afraid of the report of his own gun, left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death."

A COFFER without a lock, shows that it contains no treasure; as a mouth always open, denotes an empty brain.

How seldom is generosity perfect and pure! How often do men give, because it throws a certain inferiority on those who receive, and a superiority on themselves.

How little would be our ambition of ornaments, were it not for the pride of each sex to appear attractive in the eyes of the other.

NOTE.—"The Sisters,"—'continued,' did not arrive in season for this number; it will appear in our next.—Ed.

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